UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1240.

Original Poetry.

LINES TO ——.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "KIRKWOOD."

"I dare not linger near after as a brother
I feel my burning heart would still be thine;
How could I keep my promise if I never would see?
While yielding all the sweetness to another,
That should be mine!"—Dodge.

Yes, yes, 'twere better that we two should sever,
Since thou hast ceased to hear, and I to plead
The love I owned—thy friendship I could never
Take in exchange for such a priceless meed.

While lingering near, thy girlish voice enchains me,
Yet whispers me the heart is not thine own;
Whom then art gone, thy angel face still haunts me—
In escape to my sad heart's sincere moan.

The brightest joys for mortal e'er created
My foolish heart has murmured would be mine.
And with the thought, oh, what a void I find!
Whilst fondly worshipping at thy dear shrine!

As stars at midnight, when the storm is over,
To the world's eye more lovely seem than ever;
As household mem'ries to the distant rover,
So was thy lightest accent unto me!

All the fond hopes that in my heart dwell
The flame that silently consumed my heart;
And by that wise glanced a confidant
With me, with me was left the aching smart.

Yes, we must part—I feel I may not linger
Thou hast no heart for love, for friend, nor place;
My coolest judgment were too warm to hinder
A hundred light fronts beaming in its rays!

Congress Hall, April 15th, 1845.

Original Tales.

PRETENSION;
OR,
The Plausible Exterior Exposed.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

CHAPTER III.

Let us now take a visit to the counting-house of Mr. Farnum, the house of Farnum, Smith & Stanton's, during some months past, had got into a state of confusion, from which all the prudence and sagacity they could muster, had not yet extricated them.

"The account of rain drawn," said Hiram Grump one day to Mr. Farnum, when he was lamenting the state of his finances, "and drawn for family expences alone, sir, alone an excess for the last quarter of any of the previous five years of my acquaintance with your business: and this in the face of losses by fire and sea from our ships, that would make the stoics desperate one. The successful return of the two ships from China, with full cargoes of tea, is all that can save us."

"My God, what is to be done? Stop! Send John up to the bakers! and tell them the ships loaded!"

"Faugh!" said Grump. "That order, sir, is just in time to be too late. For one month have I come resolutely to you, and the pittance you demanded is that of increased risk, and would almost nearly the proceeds of both cargoes, deducting expences, to pay off your notes, that when friends were in hand. What direction they have taken, I know not: but my books do not show that you have either increased your business or its capital."

"Mr. Grump," said Mr. Farnum, assuming an air towards that functionary, quite unusual, "you are rather severe, sir, of late. Your reflections are unasked for. My family must live on that style in which their high associations entitle them. I would have you know, sir, that the nobility from abroad, and the legislators of this country, are my friends. I hope, sir, that you will forbear in future."

"Faugh! see a man on the brink of a precipice, and not try to pull him back! I would not give that," said Grump, snapping his fingers, "for your titles and fashionables. Nobility! The muddiness of the race! Folly and gentleman. Faugh!"

"Do you intend to insinuate," said Mr. Farnum, growing excited, "that the Hon. Mr. Charlton, and Count ——"

"Count Rattletrap, sir. I know none of your Counts, nor do I care for them, but I do know that between a spendthrift son, a giddy daughter, and the soft lullaby of a weak wife's caresses, you are a flutter of feelings and thought away with your wits and your substance. But if you will now step to put a cog in the wheel, sir, I am yours."

"This is taking too much liberty, Mr. Grump," said Mr. Farnum, more agitated. "You may be your way, sir, but I cannot pardon ——"

"Faugh!" drawled out Grump, also excited. "Pardon me, my pardon is not your debt dependent. I spoke as a friend. I have you now at once. I have warned you, but will not shrink the responsibilities of your folly. Those keys and those books I return to their owner, and I defy an error to be found in your accounts. I will have nothing to do with anything in them, and for that alone will I attend here again, I can be found at my hotel."

So saying, Hiram Grump walked from the counting-room.

"But, Mr. Grump," said Mr. Farnum, calling after him, "I know its your way. Mr. Grump—Mr. Grump——"

"Faugh! way me no way. Take care of yourself. Gammon and gumdrops don't agree. Help you to cash I will not," said Grump, as he disappeared.

Mr. Farnum next morning installed Nehemiah Chiles, his next clerk, in Grump's place. The books explained themselves with remarkable clearness, and the investigation at once showed the state of business to be as desperate as Grump had insisted on, though they were not now quite so desperate as when he had himself taken them. After a little while, things rolled on in the same shifting and managing system of which Grump had complained, and which put them on to the other, as had been the case for the last year or two. The ships at length arrived, the tea was sold, and Mr. Farnum strained every cord of credit to refit them again for the same region, to return with more mixed cargoes. He had given his notes for sixteen to his land bankers, to secure cash from time to time, and these securities Seaton had pledged to heavy purchases of stocks, a special favor in which he was personally fortunate, but this had now become a more hazardous game than in former years. Will Mr. Seaton cling to it from which to extricate him with avidity. He won and he lost—he lost, and then again he won; and nothing his own tolerably well, he fell on particular insecurity, but kept on buying, and pledging, and selling, believing, as heretofore, that the errors of to-day, would continue to be retrieved by the good luck of to-morrow. At length he bought largely of the stock of a bank whose nominal capital was immense, and in which speculation was considered safe, at least so far as Mr. Seaton knew, and his sources of information were ample for all ordinary purposes of the kind. While this scrip was in his hands, slight rumors began to affect its price. It fell a little, but still it was thought best by many to hold on, and among these was Mr. Seaton. About this time he received orders from Mr. Lansing, to invest largely in stocks, which he did accordingly, in the certificates of his favorite institution, having facts, as he thought, to sustain his confidence in its stability. He judged that if the financial rumors would soon subside, as usual, and then would be the time to sell off at the highest advance. But instead of rumors growing in favor, they were freely hatched against; and at length the bank suspended, and a rapid and prodigious fall in prices and the consequent ruin, before Mr. Seaton sold off, the depreciation was so great, that his losses were heavy, beyond any previous disaster of the same kind—bankers being swept away from the holders, and leaving but hundreds in their stead. Mr. Seaton, in connexion with these losses against his will, Mr. Lansing in particular, was a large and conspicuous sufferer.

Of this critical posture of the affairs of Mr. Farnum and Seaton, the two friends, Bangs and Gooch, were duly apprized by Mr. Colcroft, as also of other matters of interest in relation to the Charlton connexion, which they had but recently figured. The girls were still full of gaiety and fashion, and Count Valmont, and Count Charlton, and were building towering hopes upon their return. These personages were also the frequent themes of the two gentlemen mentioned, under through which they had so gaily and gracefully moved, and the fair damsels supposed to be their favorites were also the subject of many lively rivals. As for the Lansings, they thought they could not be too grateful for the honor conferred upon them by such accomplished and honorable visitors; and feeling that they had borrowed new importance from the contact, prepared a show of new carriages, more in European style, and adopted all the most recently imported specimens of genuine or spurious taste from abroad, and nothing could please them that had not the savor of foreign extraction, or fashionable and powerful connexion. Love at Mottle and young Farnum, their airs of supercilliousness increased, particularly those of the former exquisite specimen of elegance and ton, just in proportion to their ability to appreciate the difference between what was of real and only of trivial import, and their opportunity and menace of carrying their frivolous conceptions into effect.

Of these facts and features of things around him, Mr. Bangs learned freely in these correspondence with his absent and interested friends, and of the mortifying climax which would one day probably overtake the giddy participants in this unstable and whirling career of show and assumption. He bade them beware, but in vain, and accordingly, as From Mr. Colcroft's friendly accounts, also Bangs and Gooch were more and more strongly confirmed in their opinions of the unfitness of Sarah and Harriet's fitness, both in feeling and in capacity, to become ornaments of their set. If the next gleam of fashionable sunshine did not more effectually withdraw from the face of things, and they could be brought to see life in a true relation to its objects and ends, the hope of mutual dependence and reciprocity of obligation.

Month after month had rolled on in this manner, till nearly another winter had notched its airy history upon the finger-post of time. Neither the circumstances of Mr. Farnum or Seaton had been retrieved from the dilemma into which they had fallen, and those of Lansing were being drawn into the same entangleable vortex. At this juncture, Mr. Bangs transmitted a letter of the following import, to be handed to Miss Farnum.

DEAR LADY:—

I expect shortly to return to your gay city, where I have found so many agreeable elements, and the pleasure which I there enjoyed in your fascinating society, has impelled me once I decide upon my return, to make to you the only declaration of sentiments which I feel. Excuse the brevity and inadequacy of my words, but do not treat them with coldness or disdain. Let me be happy for the future, more and companionship with yourself in the interval. The proposal may not be considered presumptuous, would humbly ask, and I would earnestly desire your hand in marriage, if you would consent to be the bride of

Your devoted friend and admirer,
SIDNEY SILVESTER VALMONT."

The heart of Harriet, on the perusal of this letter, was in a flutter of feelings and thoughts the most bewildering. Every hope of love and vanity seemed about to be gratified. She was confused with affection, pride, gratitude, and delight. What should she say but "Yes!" but she must show it to her parents. The following answer was the result of the consultation ——

DEAR COUNT VALMONT:—

It was with the liveliest and most independent emotion that I perused your letter. What a world of reflections and feelings to me was awakened, and it opened up to my contemplation. Your words have made me feel at once both lonely and exalted—uneasy and happy. But the honor which your proposal does me—the generous and amiable which its reception has afforded—and the happiness which most attend in life upon every step of the heart so sincere and affectionate, compels me to declare, with the consent of my parents, that to the overtures which you offer, I shall be pledged every sincere feeling and endeavor of the heart and hand of

Your friend, HARRIET FARNUM.

When Harriet informed Sarah of these letters, she was told that one of the same character, she had been received herself addressed by Charlton, and similarly answered. Their mutual congratulations, with this knowledge, became more animated and confidential, and as they learned, much to the disparagement of their accustomed gay feelings, the embarrassments under which their parents were laboring, and the change which threatened their pecuniary prospects. To conceal these facts, however, while from the world, still considered as fortunes, has left me unfit for the further pursuits of gain; and were it not for my wife and child, I should gladly be quit of the world and all its disturbed. But I would gladly leave the latter where I know her affections are placed, if Mr. Charlton will receive her perquisites from my hands. To Mr. Lansing, it grieves me to say how much I regret that my sagacity has not proved equal to his confidence."

"These are indeed melancholy facts," said Mr. Lansing, "and no one could have been more surprised at them than myself. But no one would be quite unavailing, and here at this time altogether out of place. Had I been blameless in misplaced confidence? Has not much have affected my conscience: but still it is better than utter ruin, and leaves me a vestige wherein to build for the future, void of pretence. Gentlemen, although injured myself, I cannot but sympathize in your misfortunes, but let not my losses add to the bitterness of your calamity, as I have years yet on my side."

"Thanks! thanks! Indeed, sir, I thank you!" said Mr. Seaton, who, with Mr. Farnum, felt as if a mountain were being removed from their minds at these words, so unexpected were they from that quarter, from the generally received character of the man to whom they were in so great a measure amenable. Such a teacher is adversity.

A slight pause ensued, during which Mottle was quite fidgety, when Count Valmont broke the silence thus

"Such candor and forbearance manifested under these circumstances, gentlemen, is a source to me of inexpressible satisfaction. I have been favorably, however, aware of the untoward progress of events, and knowing the engendering causes of some of these undesired consequences, would willingly have avoided them, but not discouraged myself. The wisdom learned from experience is a thousand times more salutary than that received from theories and ideas, free of all inconvenience, by some considered the best property of its kind within the city's precincts. The title is in fee-simple, and I pledge myself to keep the premises in repair and free of expense to the devisee while I live. Those papers I now place into the hands of Mr. Seaton as Sarah's nearest guardian."

Mr. Seaton received them, and giving the papers of one a slight examination, said ——

"I feel myself under a debt of the profoundest gratitude for this display of the generosity of Mr. Charlton's character, and Miss Sarah except the gift, with the hand of Mr. Gooch! I have no word of objection, my dear, to your choice. I can but wish you

"I do," said Sarah, with a full heart, and a trembling voice. "I could, not by refusal, twice offend one who has so nobly overcome me."

"Your acceptance of this favor, Sarah," said Mr. Colcroft, "has restored me to happiness. Mr. Gooch is more than able to gratify your every reasonable want Sarah, as his wife; but you will both pardon me, if those whom I love, I could never feel willing to desert. I only wish this present to be considered as the memento of an unutterable friendship."

"I know you," exclaimed the General, rising from his seat, and extending his hand to Mr. Colcroft. "Why, you are a hero without living a siege—a young Confucentius that once ran off with the devil himself, give him choice of weapons, and rule him too. But you've conquered yourself as well as the enemy, boy! And where is the pretty girl in the land that won't acknowledge it?" said he, looking round upon the ladies, the expression whose countenances plainly told the place were they felt at his remarks.

"But I did not wish to vanquish the ladies at last, as obvious dupes," said Mr. Colcroft. "I could most acceptably serve his old friends. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing also were incquest visitors to Farmville, the homestead of General Bangs, and also now of Mr. George Bangs. Afterwards they spent some time with Mr. Gooch's relatives, and then stepped in the town of their husbands' occupations. The ladies found abundant society of the most exemplary and agreeable kind, and amidst their domestic duties and the arrests of social intercourse, their time glided pleasantly away. Their parents followed them as soon as they could disengage themselves from the ruins of their business, and the place of their long residence. They gave up their interest in affairs, from their own choice. His habitual "Faugh!" was still used with the same peculiarity of expression, and occasionally preceded, and with effect, for it always indicated Grump's opinions better than a speech of Congressional length. But Bangs purchased the establishment with which he was connected when we first knew him, and Mr. Gooch continued prosperous in the same line of business as before. business, and in judging the deserving. Mr. Bangs put young Farnum into his office, where he found a pleasant and lucrative employment.

Mr. Bangs was not suffered long to fill only a private station. His editorial and legal abilities, and personal popularity, commanded that attention which brought him into public service, without his seeking it. He was selected by his fellow citizens to represent them with distinguished credit, till called to Congress. Finally, through the advice and counsel of Mr. Bangs, a branch bank was instituted to represent his country's interests and letour at a foreign Court as *Charge d'Affaires*, at which post he now is, he having, as far as we are at liberty to trust it, I was while abroad with her husband that Mrs. Bangs, in her intercourse with that society found which she more believed her favorite Count had emanated, was taught to know, both by observation and verbal testimony, that the highest recommendation in the most refined circles, was whether among the titled or not, was good sense, good character, and good manners, void of all affectation and pretence whatsoever.

Original Song.

TO MISS MARY ANN R——

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

The poet loves the blushing morn,
And the breath of the young May flowers,
And sings of nature's opening, wreathed in the shade of scented bowers;
But a rarer than the flowers of Spring,
On the blooming cheeks I see,
And no rarer spring, than flowers delight,
To welcome to the poet's sight,
As thy fairy form to me,
As thy fairy form to me.

Oh sweet is the wind to the mariner,
On his way from the foreign shore,
For it breathes of joy on the far green shore,
And there's gladness in its tone
The scent of flowers and waving trees,
To the wearied pilgrim's face,
But sweeter, far sweeter, than the breeze,
That tosses the road and lonely rest,
Is thy whisper'd name to me,
Sweet love,
In thy whisper'd name to me.

The wild in tales of old romance,
Thy voice on a festive tone,
A bell when struck by a bold gallant,
With the fair of a pleasing rhyme
Oh, as magic I feel your voice dissolve that the prose
Of this into rhyme should be,
One soft look of love from thy star beaming eye,
Its gentle whisper to those of the skies,
The boon were sufficient for me,
Sweet love,
The boon were sufficient for me.

H. E. E.

A HINT FOR THE LADIES.—The critic of the Broadway Journal, in the course of a notice of Mrs. Hoyt Harris's Flea for Women," says very pertinently—or, as the ladies, perhaps will say, impertinently ——

"It appears to us that the surest way for women to gain their rights—always supposing that they do not enjoy them—is to train up their children properly, and they will own that their mothers suffer no wrong. When women dissipate their days and nights in idle amusements, and neglect the education of their children while their sons are entrusted in the keeping of hired servants, or sent away from home to distant schools, they must not blame them that they have no clearer perception of what is due to women. It is true that man make laws by which women are governed, but the women make the men who govern them."

NOTHING is more capricious than the judgment of the people: if they see a man firm in the midst of misfortune, they brand him as impious and hardened; if they see another overwhelmed by his grief, and prostrated on the corpse of his friend, han they denounce as weak and effeminate.

Selected Tales.

BETTY MORRISON'S POCKET-BOOK.

The Beginning.

"There be the coach, Betty, a coming down Lindsey Hill, yonder;" said one of a group that had assembled in front of the Green Dragon—the only public-house in the little village of Greenwood. The time was the morning the passage of a box tenally packed and darked, a pair of patterns secured to the surface of the box by a piece of tape, plainly told that one of the little party was about to go on a journey, and that the coach was to be the conveyance of the bride."

"Ay you please," said Mrs Lansing, and those present separated to the tea-table at an early hour.

That evening the weddings took place at Mr. Farnum's house. Nor was Hiram Grump for gotten. He was invited to take charge of the accounts of Mr. Bangs and of Mr. Gooch, and accepted. They are certainly prosperous in their affairs, and will soon be one as the Lansings.

"Faugh!" was still used with the same peculiarity of expression, and occasionally preceded, but always agreeably even to Grump, as that when put down in the pocket-book that Mary Grave was the most delightful lady in the world, and "some bonne again"—the tears would have started to his eyes, but that he established a habit in the fear, dear old sight of sister maiden, that he had not seen for the last time, when it's summer, and read to you all that I have said and done. It will be like being the coach again with you, sunshine."

The coach stopped—a dozen ready hands seized the box—a dozen more were ready to assist to clasp her hand.

"Aye, dame, so she can"—the can send a band to the bonnet, "and you, sister there'll be but a step, and there'll watch from time to time for the coach at Mr. Rose. "Ah, my blessed dear, dear—mind how thee gets up."

"Thank you, my good friends, I will be happy by and by, and all the pleasure to me a place, mother. Can't you go to you wiscuster Betty?" and accordingly Betty's box was

ways contrived to say, "How do you do?" or to give her a nod and smile. If she went to church, while she always fell when she could obtain permission, Mr. Scott was sure to overtake her, or meet her on her way, and then he would go to church too.

Can you guess what all this led to? If you cannot, read the following extract from Betty's pocket-book:—

"April 30.—Mr. Grant has written me such a kind letter. I have answered it by telling him that I must consult my dear parents about it. Mrs. Grant has told me she neither could nor has it in contact to see. Mr. Grant says he loves me as his own child, and that he will be both a father and mother to me. Mr. Scott—Oh, I must not think of him."

Reader, you are now as much in Betty's secret as we are, so the scene we come to

The End.

the better. One Sunday morning, at the close of September, the congregation, assembled in the parish church of Annesvale, was thrown into a state of pleasurable excitement by Mr. Gurwyn, the clergyman, making an follows:—

"I publish the banns of marriage between David Scott, of the parish of [illegible], bachelor, and Elizabeth Merriton, of this parish, &c., &c.;" and within a month afterwards the bells of Greatville Church rung out their merry peals.

Ah! that was the end! David Scott had listened to his mother's counsel; and from what he had read of Betty's thoughts and actions—things chronicled to meet no other eyes but her own and those of her fond mother—the honest maltster had resolved to share his fortunes with her. Many glorious years of happiness passed over wedded life had chosen, and again and again has he blessed the day that he found Betty Merriam's pocket-book.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post, and one of the late scenes.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and your choice of Neal's Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the Ladies' Companion.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy each of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ Mr. J. R. WELDIN is our Agent for *Pittsburg, Allegheny City, &c.* ☜

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

It is amusing to see how "one idea" will for a little time seize upon the whole public as a large city; and how suddenly it can be pushed aside or shelved, to make room for another. Last week it was for about six hours here all "war with England." On Saturday, the current changed to "war with Mexico;" and at present there seems to be no particular war toward—except indeed, upon radishes and other early vegetables. Stand are now almost as stale as the annexation question; and people are now standing with mouths watering for the next epidemic among articles—something which every body will take.

The winter sacraments have at last ceased. The hat was candle in hand out, and the mop and duster are in the ascendant. Stoves are dismissed, and Summer carpets and the Summer military are coming under inspection. An occasional whine has may be seen upon the very finest days, and fancy clothes for gentlemen's wear begin to variegate the pavements. The Squares are open in all their green and glory; and the children make them echo again with all the merry and noisome hilarity, in which the vacant minds of the little co-earthlings rejoice give utterance.

Aside from the Foreign and Mexican news —now seven days out of their nine days of wonder—there is no town talk. Every thing is quiet, and we may add, every one is doing prosperous and lively. The busy hum of industry is silent as on all sides: and we are very sure that the public good sense has been so even, despite of all attempts that have been made to disturb it, as just now. It is a good omen.

WILL THERE BE WAR?

In another article we have spoken at some length of the condition of our relations with Mexico; and expressed the opinion that no war is likely to grow out of that source—none, at any rate, for the present. If any occur, it will be what Mr. Woodbury denominated a *quasi* war—a battle in Texas, for Texas, and without any formal declaration. The declaration of war would do no much more mischief than the warranting of Texas could, because a formal and avowed state of hostilities would open the trade of privateerism, and cut up our commerce. But, as we have elsewhere said, we think neither event at all likely to occur.

In the last number of the Post, we commented upon the news from England, and refer to the subject again to-day, but our views are at all changed; but become some of the "interesting" letter writers, and alarmists among the speculators, have been circulating rumors of "despatches" received at Washington, of "unusual activity" in the Department of State, and of various and sundry belligerent menus and preparations. That despatches are now received by the British Minister per last steamer, is altogether likely; for few steamers we imagine, arrive without them. But if there be anything particularly bellicose about them, the Washington papers and the Washington people have been remarkably close-mouthed. Nothing has transpired. The rumors of a contemplated extra session are contradicted by the best authority; and nothing whatever, of an unusual nature is going on at the seat of government. The ordinary routine of business, which usually passes without notice or comment, from the people or the press, is magnified by letter writers into something formidable and unusually important.

A week's reflection has not at all changed our opinion. We see nothing in the present position of the Oregon question which makes "war" any more likely than it was before: and we see everything in the good sense of the intelligent mass of the people in the old world and the new, to avert what would be a calamity to the whole world, a detriment to the progress of science and humanity, and a disgrace to the age. President Polk wants nothing but right to Oregon. Former Presidents and statesmen have declared that he has it. Is the anything new? If only one claimed it, where would be the need of the treaties and negociations which have been going, backing, oil and on, for the last dozen years or more?

But Premier Peel says he will "defend!" the right of Britain to the whole of it; and President Polk says the same in substance if not in words. Here you say they are at issue. But if there was nothing at issue, why do we ask again, would there be any need of diplomacy? Away with the rough and tumble logic, which do so see no way of settling a dispute but by blows and knocks! It is obsolete and given over.

Oregon stands by treaty now, in the joint occupancy of the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States: that is, of each of them as tenants in common in the limits. No act of possession has been made in New York, either power; and none will be, until after the year's notice stipulated by the treaty shall have been given by one party to the other. If for Robert Peel were in any haste to get into a quadrille, the notice stipulated by the treaty would have reached this country by the last steamer. Of course we do not know that it did not: but if it did, the powers that be at Washington have been remarkably still about it. And even had such notice been received, a year is still left for negociation before "war" can grow out of the matter.—[*Courier & Enquirer.*

THE MEXICAN QUESTION.

RUMORS AND DOCUMENTS.

We have news from Vera Cruz to the 11th, and from Mexico city to the 3d of April. At the last dates the Congress were still debating the Texas question, but no decision had been reached, and, perhaps, except the documents which we give below, had transpired. Those documents, it will be noticed, refer entirely to the negociations of Mr. Slidell, and show that so far as they go, they are substantially in a rejected by the present Mexican government. Whether they will ever be published, or whether they will ever be received by the Congress, from this country, under the instructions received from the administration of Santa Anna. The Mexican Minister of Foreign Relations, Senor Cuevas, on the 30 of April, communicated to Congress a long statement of the conduct of the foreign relations of Mexico principally of course, in relation to Texas. It is long, and has not yet reached this country, so far as we know. Something may be judged of its character from the comments of the Mexican papers, which generally speak of it as too lame and pacific in its tone, and some of them broke it with considerable asperity. From all that is said we judge that it is a cautious and guarded document, and that it will require enough be anyone that annexation *should* bring on a declaration of war, but that it will not be a direct act of hostility on the part of the Mexican government. The Mexican people will never permit them to enter into. If war come, inevitably, we shall find ourselves in a position of defence, on the position of right, and trust to the Judge of all for the issue.

MAY MORNING.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's charming poem is rejected with opening May. As *new-drop* cannot be kept fresh beyond their season, and as Miss Mitford will not let us have her corresponding young ladies who catch his nosegays from us do the same with their May Day Botany and Bonnies, to put on their gown shoes, lest they touch mortals. Now—thoughtful leaves over the parterre of early morning, ladies!

"It may rouse my song o'er the reddening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass."—*Hemans.*

Then, that claim'st thy sapient dwelling,
By the tassell'd cone's fall,
Thy fierce, my bosom gently swelling,
Lend thy spirit to my song.
From thy lofty summit bending,
Shade me with thy gentle wing;
O'er my soul, thy Spell impending,
Strains that of the blooming spring.

"The warm' adorer of the red berries,
Revisits by the darkness up the sky,
From his bed, bound that mining,
Shadows his golden ray.
Nature, roused from dreamy slumbers,
To the earth her beauties shows;
Breeding round wild, urbane numbers,
O'er the waste it ceaseless flows.

Lambs, the season's children, sporting,
Gladly hail the darling son—
Dissolute in his rudeness,
Blowing, shouting, dimpling run.
Sturdy laughs are brightly burning,
In his unwieldy rosy face;
The silver lane, earth's lesson spurning,
Fades under his embrace.

Robe from the dell is sending,
On the ear with oddy sway;
By the leave-sweet zephyr rending,
Fan the rosy cheek of day;
Note the hearth is newly springing,
In the depth of the forest glade,
Surprises, forth wild music ringing,
Wo in its chasing rage again.

Honey rings with sonatic money,
Comes beneath a woodland wreath—
Tender tone, in radiance lying,
Trouble in the morning's breath.
Sweet the morning air pervading,
Sweet the sunlight on the land;
The warming tides of sun deep shadow,
Over the upland's banner roll.

Nature's voice to life is swelling,
Up from forest and glen and lea,
Of bird and bloom and gladness feeling,
Sweetly calls her chiming glee.
O'er the luminous path of the window,
Shivering 'neath a downy robe;
From the rosy or brightness motive
Troubles bright as the golden globe.

You call grave that hides the mountain,
Wrap the green earth in sweet spring heaven—
Now the dashings of the fountain,
Fanny's softly day-dream please.
Now the rose-bud's fragrance morning,
Flings her perfume in the gale;
Blushing grow, the sweets her blooming,
Waters her sweetness o'er the vale.

On the hand the twigs bursting,
Double the scene of the hill:
O'er the broadest dancing, glittering,
Wave the light of daybreak.
Round the woodbine bees are humming,
Hover on the sweet flower;
Forth upon the fair-breeze coming,
Bends the cascade's silvery tree
To the glades the sheep are flying,
Resting through the clayey mould;
Fleet the lambs, the hours' leaving,
Stretches for a richest fold.
Gentle May! in sleekly worrying,
O'er the pinks in honey wing,
Joins, adores the rain in weeping,
By the grave of flowery Spring.

Bernard, Del., 1845.

JEWS IN EUROPE.

We have before mentioned that the English Government are about to bring forward a measure to relieve the Jews from their civil disabilities. On the continent we find that Dr. Hengstenberg, College of Hamburg, have declared in favor of completely emancipating the Jews, in every respect, except that they cannot be eligible to the Senate.

The two Chambers of the Hungarian Diet have passed a law, giving Jews nearly the same privileges that are enjoyed by other citizens. The law lacks only the signature of the Emperor of Austria, who is also King of Hungary. There is little or no doubt, that it will receive it.

From Berlin, the capital of the Prussian States, we have intelligence of an intended liberal policy in the descendants of Abraham. The Duke of Brunswick is bringing forward measures necessary to a full relief of the Jews, in his Duchy. In a word, all over Europe the policy of governments is becoming more liberal towards the Israelites, except in those countries where the Israelites are distinguished from the Israelites.

This may be a good place to make an error in which the American press has followed the British. A charge has been made, that the Emperor of Russia has driven away the poor Jews from their houses and homes, on the Western frontier, into the interior deserts. Now, in the first place, those poor Jews are such smugglers. In the second, they owned no houses or lands, as the tract they inhabited formed a part of Ancient Poland, and by its local laws, Jews could own no real estate: and on the third, the country to which the Jews were ordered to remove, was not only fertile, cultivated, and much less a desert, than the one from which they were expelled. The hardships which they were ordered to endure in removing by defrauding the customs. It is near to impossible, for the British or French press to tell the honest truth relative to the Emperor Nicholas.

ECLIPSE.

Early risers must be on the alert on Tuesday morning next; and those, too, who are not in the habit of the lark, but like to see things worth looking at, must depart from their lazy habits. On that morning the Sun, throughout Newfoundland, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, New England, New York, New Jersey, and in the Northern part of Pennsylvania, will rise partially eclipsed by the Moon. A partial eclipse will also be seen in the greater part of Europe and Asia; but the eclipse will be central only within the Arctic circle. At no city in America will the beginning of the eclipse be visible; and greatest obscuration only in Newfoundland, Prince Edward's, Cape Breton, and part of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the greater

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TRAVELING AGENTS.

MR. C. W. JAMES, of Herrings, Oneida county, Clarissa, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin, invested by Messrs. Bailey & Smith. *G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, T. T. Post and H. S. Armstrong.*
JOHN MIMMO, Canada East and West.
JAMES H. STAFFERSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our agents in Kentucky.
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DR. L. E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *Capt. Wyly, Wm. Hunter, H. Field Vol. 1, Esq., Wm. Hunter, M. D. Heaney, and James Coldwell.*
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.
JAMES FIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Webster.

Notices of New Works.

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD. By Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall. Edited by Sir Denis Le Marchant. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—We have perused a few pages of this extremely interesting to the American readers than the reign of George the Third, embracing as it does, the first years in which the people of England, and that of the United States, as her provinces, were identical. We have already noticed the splendid authentic history of that reign, and in the History of our Revolution but a little that is new, after Gordon, Ramsay and Botta, can be collected matter.

But in this work we have something between the other chroniclers of authentic history, and the gossiping freedom of Walpole's Letters, now so widely known and read. The author does not affect to be the historian, but experience explicates, as freely as if he were chatting familiarly with you after dinner. Indeed, he was a man of the world, and accountable to none for his opinions—unrestrained by the position with all state secrets, and by his habits of life and education from all temptation to favor, he has given these Memoirs a sunny coloring which makes them a delightful companion for the leisure hour, exceedingly desirable to aid the digestion of more formal novels.

These Memoirs are printed nearly as the author left them, with copious foot notes, added by the editor, to make the narrative intelligible, and to correct some of the errors of the writer. The only liberty taken with the text, has been to suppress a few passages of an indecent character; and two or three passages affecting private character, and in no way connected with any political event. The work will contain abundance of anecdote, and what will be extremely interesting to Americans, vivid sketches of some of the most distinguished men of the British Empire.

The first volume has, as yet, only appeared. When complete, by the publication of the third volume, the crowning twelve years of the reign of George Third, will, with Walpole's Letters, and his History of the last twelve years of George the Second, form a truly valuable fund of material for the elucidation of the History of the greater of a century which forms the most interesting era in the annals of the laboratory, the observatory, and the library to be easily consulted. Perhaps, a difficulty in Brazil may deeply interest Europe.

But a short time ago the Neapolitan Prince de Joinville was a boy in the navy of his father, and in the Brazilian Princess, Januaria, on board the French man-of-war *Le Reine Blanche*. On this occasion the French paper, "Le Constitutionnel," contained the following sensible remarks on the moral, and political position of Brazil:

It is known that the royal family of Portugal, when chased from Europe by the Imperial armies, found a refuge and a key to events, in the vast Brazil, whither they were accompanied by a large number of Portuguese who settled there. Brazil, by their prosperity and success soon excited the envy of the old Colonists. As all other South American States, Brazil is morally and politically degraded: a prefect, industry, power and consequence are to be found only among the Colonists, from Portugal. By their prudence and activity, by their moral character the Portuguese easily gain the ascendency, in private life as in public career, and the native Brazilians feel that they cannot, by the road to wealth and power obstructed, entertain a degree of hatred for them, which has already had an important influence on the progress of revolution in that Empire, and may to-morrow lead to bloodshed and civil war. The Portuguese have numerous establishments on the coast, are in a miserable minority in the interior. They must dominate or be dominated. They have to do with a race of the face of the old Spaniards in Mexico—a more or less total expulsion.

Such, in few words, is the condition of the parties in Brazil. While the provinces in the interior are incessantly agitating the dismemberment of the Empire, the Portuguese, who surround the Emperor, and occupy the most important positions in the country, are aiming at the consolidation of the centralization of power. But in doing this they are sometimes guilty of actions which must necessarily embitter the feelings of the Brazilian party.

Thus, when the Prince Royal, in the year of 1826 reached Brazil, the Brazilian party was not only embarrassing to sever the ties which connected Brazil with Portugal; but to put under the different provinces themselves from one another, and King John, VI, foretold, on his return to Lisbon, that in ten years Brazil would be divided into half a dozen petty states, which would not, as regards internal confusion and foreign intervention, yield the palm to their Spanish neighbors.

Some that prediction twenty-four years have not yet been fulfilled, but the elements of it are there, as if through a miracle, probably in consequence of Brazil retaining the monarchial form of government, and the consequent influence of the existing settlements. But dissolution is, nevertheless, constantly knocking at the door, and, according to the laws of nature, the point of entering. The means to prevent the dissolution of the Empire are no longer in existence; and no new ones may be devised by the present government.

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Foreign Sketches.

BRAZIL.

[The following interesting paper, upon the state of a country of which so little, in proportion to its known, was communicated to us by one of our foreign correspondents. It will well repay a perusal. If the writer be a Jew, which, by the style of the writer be correct, are likely to befal in Brazil, at no very distant day. With such distinguished abilities as the writer of this article, the Brazilian Empire can hardly be expected long to preserve its integrity; and with the French matrimonial alliance at hand, a difficulty in Brazil may deeply interest Europe.

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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for May*. We should have noticed this magazine last week with the others but somehow it slipped our memory, probably because it was not in advance of them, and we had passed from our table to our parlor. The embellishments are of a higher order of merit than usual. "Titania and Oberon," illustrating a passage in Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," is one of the most beautiful pictures ever in any magazine. The colored fashion plate, too, is pretty—rather pretty, we believe as it is just ink'd up. Mrs. Hale's engine is powerful tale in this number. Ellen Ashton' has one of her popular romantic stories entitled "Coming Out," and there is a noble poem by Mrs. Sigourney. The other interesting matter is equally good, but is each number of this book shows a progressive excellence; and we do not see how any lady of taste can subscribe for it. It was formerly the largest before the first of July.—Columbia (Ind.) Gazette.

GRAHAM'S NATIONAL.—The May number of this gazette bristles with the ladies, is again on our table, and is a splendid number. Besides the usual fine plates and in addition to the other attractions, this work possesses the unique one of a splendid steel engraving of the best Ladies' Book extant, and is the cheapest. The literary matter is made up of the choicest productions of the day, and is equally attractive with its fashion plates and superb, and always if in advance of all others. The publisher is making no claim for magazine, and we consider that to secure the advantage of the first of July.—Columbia (Ind.) Gazette.

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PUBLICATIONS OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* This work, the first number of which is just issued (it is to be completed in twenty numbers), is a reprint of the English publication which has ever been published; and if the whole power of the press be exerted to circulate it, it will be found to be one of the best and most useful. It will treat of the construction, the furniture of houses, the best mode to warm, to ventilate, and will treat to the advancement not only of comfort, but health. Among its topics will be found cooking, the various modes of cookery, warming, ventilating, lighting and furnishing them, and the whole subject of domestic economy, in its most extensive sense. The work will be illustrated with one thousand engravings.

LIVES OF LUDWIG AND OTHER ROMANCES. *By Charles Dudley, Esq. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is a new publication of the sketches of Dickens, together with stories by Ainsworth and others. It forms a very pleasant volume of afternoon reading, and is an admirable companion to the work that Mr. Dargers is doing a good business in the publication of, and putting forth small-sized and excellent works.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. No. 22 of this publication has been issued from the press, and contains the concluding portion of the first chapter of Proverbs. *Zieber & Co., Lindsay & Blakiston, and T. B. Peterson.*

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. This best one novel ever written by *Zieber & Co.* and *T. B. Peterson.*

Personal News.

☞ Doughty, the American Artist, now in England, is engaged on a splendid landscape view in Kaling Park. This effort will, it is said, equal anything that he has produced.

☞ Letters patent have been taken out in England, for a very ingenious contrivance, by which ladies' bonnets can be folded completely flat when packing, and a direct passage is thus given to the air, so that the bonnet may be kept in perfect order.

☞ Upwards of forty new lead mines have been opened in the mining regions upon the Upper Mississippi, during the last year. In the mineral lands of Iowa and Wisconsin are supposed to be more productive of this metal than the mines of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain.

Items of News.

☞ The Bunker Hill Monument will be opened as usual, to visitors this summer; but the steam engine and car, by means of which the ascent was rendered easy, will not be used. It has been removed, the short winded will have some difficulty in getting up.

☞ Mr. Crompton, surgeon oculist to Her Majesty's Blind Asylum, estimates the number of blind persons in Great Britain and Ireland, at 30,000, and expresses his conviction that at least one-third of these might have had their sight restored.

☞ A man named John Adams Bowne, committed for robbing the house of Mr. Secretary of silver plate, hung himself at Independence jail, Kenton county, Ky., on Thursday week. The property stolen has all been recovered.

☞ It is believed by many that the copper mines of Lake Superior, if carefully preserved and protected by the Government, at some future day will produce an annual income exceeding the present receipts for the public lands.

☞ The Madison Express, Wisconsin, states that an extensive body of copper ore, has lately been discovered at the Baraboo Sauk county, the ore yielding 72 per cent. Miners are flocking there.

☞ Rev. Dr. Nicholls, the mother of Vivian Grey, "Contingsby," &c., is about publishing a new novel called "Sybil;" said to be very personal. Therefore we insert the item under proviso, instead of literary news.

☞ Col. A. McDonald, of Florida, has received from the Apalachicola Chamber of Commerce, a set of casters worth $101, as a present for the best lot of cotton, of twenty bales, brought into that market.

☞ We see by the Knoxville papers, that on the 27th ult., in that city, was wedded, by Rev. John J. Doyle, Mr. Frederick Lamb, aged 102, to Miss Dorcas Morgan, aged 84—all of Jefferson county, Tenn.

☞ Dr. William Read, a member of General Washington's Staff during the Revolution, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, died near Charleston on the 20th ult., at the advanced age of 81 years.

☞ Mr. Prescott, in addition to the corresponding membership of the French Institute, has received a similar appointment from the Royal Academy of Berlin.

☞ The Arkansas Intelligencer contradicts the report, lately published, of the murder of Col. Hollaci Coffee, in the Cherokee Nation.

☞ The Legislature of Hugh D. Legare, late of South Carolina, are announced in the press of Messrs. Burgess & James, of Charleston.

☞ A public dinner has been given to the Hon. Charles M. Reed, of Erie, by his friends and fellow-citizens.

☞ Hon. Caleb Cushing reached Newburyport, last week. A salute was fired in honor of his arrival.

Army & Navy.

☞ The ship-of-the-line Columbus, now lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, has been put in commission to-day, and will sail about the 15th May, for China, to take on board Commodore H. Everett, as the Commissioner to that country. The Columbus is placed under the command of Captain Wyman, who is now at the Astor House. Commodore Biddle will sail in the Columbus, as the Commander of the Squadron. All the officers are ordered to join themselves at or before the 25th of May.

MOVEMENTS.—A squadron sailed from Norfolk, on Saturday, whose destination is believed to be Vera Cruz. It consists of the following vessels: Steamer Princeton, 10 guns; ship Saratoga, 20; ship St. Mary, 20; brig Porpoise, 10; total, 60 guns. The squadron already in the Gulf, consists of the frigate Potomac, 44 guns; ship Vincennes, 20; ship Falmouth, 20; brig Somers, 10; total, 94 guns, making an aggregate of eight vessels and 154 guns.

☞ Two officers of the U. S. Army, recently discharged from the service, have married in Texas since the 1st of March.

General News.

ACTORS IN FRANCE.—There are, in France, says one of the journals, 3,500 actors, 2,900 actresses, and 16,000 individuals attached in one way or other to theatres, making a total of 22,400 persons living upon the budget of Thalia and Melpomene—which is estimated at 36,000,000 francs. If these thirty millions were divided equally, each person would not have 1,500 francs a year; but as some of the principal players have 10, 20, 30, and 40,000 francs, it is easy to conceive how small must be the income of a large portion, and the misery that must exist in the dramatic career.

LYNCH LAW.—A party of men, calling themselves the "Regulators," about the middle of last month attacked the house of a man named Turnbull, in Lincoln Co., Ala. Two of the Turnbull boys were absent, and a negro girl fled to survive, and one of the assailants, named Davis, was killed instantly, while another, named Norris, was mortally wounded. Norris has not expected to survive. The reason of the attack was, that the family was accused of being connected with horse thieves.

☞ The United Service Magazine says, the plan of writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practised by the Spanish prisoners of confinement with Jallalabad. The first letter of this kind received from there was concealed in a quill. On opening it a small piece of paper was discovered, on which appeared only a single word, Iodine. The magic liquid was applied, and an interesting despatch from Sir Robert Sale met forth.

PARISIAN THIEVES.—The number of thieves carrying on their operations in Paris, amounts to 20,000. Of these, 6,000 are females. Of 6,000, he says, would take a purse from a room or the box of a theatre; 3,000 would take it from a carriage; 1,000 would break into your house quietly; from 1,000 to 2,000 would break in violently; and 600 would not recoil from murder. These are "Mysteries," indeed.

☞ The Susquehanna Railroad has been and is now doing an active Spring business, in the transportation of produce to market, and of lumber by the road, and during the week just closed, 725,000 pounds of Western Bacon passed over the road and exhibit a handsome increase of revenue.

THE STEAM NAVY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—According to recent statistics, the condition of the Steam Navy of Great Britain is as follows: —War Steamers now in commission, 34; dockbuilding and in ordinary, 48. Besides the above, the British Government controls the war steamers, all the packets for the service of the Post Office as Royal Mail steamers, running to the United States, to the West Indies, Egypt, &c.

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☞ The Bunker Hill Monument will be opened as usual, to visitors this summer; but the steam engine and car, by means of which the ascent was rendered easy, will not be used. It has been removed, the short winded will have some difficulty in getting up.

☞ Mr. Crompton, surgeon oculist to Her Majesty's Blind Asylum, estimates the number of blind persons in Great Britain and Ireland, at 30,000, and expresses his conviction that at least one-third of these might have had their sight restored.

☞ A man named John Adams Bowne, committed for robbing the house of Mr. Secretary of silver plate, hung himself at Independence jail, Kenton county, Ky., on Thursday week. The property stolen has all been recovered.

☞ It is believed by many that the copper mines of Lake Superior, if carefully preserved and protected by the Government, at some future day will produce an annual income exceeding the present receipts for the public lands.

☞ The Madison Express, Wisconsin, states that an extensive body of copper ore, has lately been discovered at the Baraboo Sauk county, the ore yielding 72 per cent. Miners are flocking there.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—From the completion of the returns, now complete, there is no doubt that there will be a strong Democratic majority in the next Legislature of Virginia.

☞ It was decided in a breach of promise case the other day in England, that an unmarried female, aged thirty-two, is not a girl, but a young woman.

☞ A young girl recently committed suicide at Amiens, France, from vexation at not being able to procure a new dress to go to a ball!

☞ On the 16th, the clearances of cotton from New Orleans, amounted to 13,480 bales, principally for Liverpool.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

223 shares Vicksburg Bank,		80
100 do. do.		81
50 do. Commercial Bank,		93
5 do. Philadelphia Bank,		52
$2000 State 5's,	cash	72
$2000 do.	do.	72
$6000 do.	do.	72
$6000 United States Loan, 5's,		101
$5000 do.	do.	104
$5000 do.	do.	104
$777 Chem. S. Bd. Coal,		1100
$6000 City 6's, 1846,		1104

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 800 head of beef cattle, including 600 from Ohio, 200 from Western Virginia, and 1000 sheep and lambs. Prices—Beef cattle were in good demand at $4@5 per 100 lbs. gross, and $5@6 50 net. Sheep were in active demand at $4@5 per 100 lbs.—200 head were sold. Sheep were in good demand at $4@5 per 100 lbs. Lambs were in active demand at $1@3 each.

New York, April 26.—At market, 1750 beef cattle, 750 from the south, 1000 cows, and 1000 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle—Extra, $6@6 50; first quality, $5@5 50; second quality, $4@4 50; third quality, $3@3 50. Cows and Calves—The market opened at $14@16 to 20. Sheep and Lambs—$1 75 to 2 50 each. Hogs—In a large way at 6@6½.

Baltimore, April 25.—Beef Cattle—There were 310 head offered at the yards during the week, 70 head of which were driven north, and the remainder sold on city account, at prices ranging from $3 50 to 4 50 per 100 lbs. on the hoof, which is equal to $5 50 to 6 75 net, according to quality. Hogs—Sales were made at 6@6½ per lb. net. Sales generally were made at intermediate rates from those quoted. Sheep—There were also large supplies, at $4@5 per 100 lbs. which prices they will now command.

Virginia, near Boston, April 25.—At market, 500 beef cattle, 75 pairs working oxen, 350 cows and calves, 1000 sheep and lambs, and 1500 swine. Prices—Beef cattle—Last week's prices were not sustained, and we quote as follows: Extra, $6 per 100 lbs.; first quality, $5 50@5 75; second quality $5@5 50; third quality $4@5; Working Oxen—Sales at $80@90 per pair. Cows and Calves—Sales at $18@30 each. Sheep and Lambs—Lots to peddle $4@5; for slaughter, $3@3 50. Swine—Lots to peddle 6@6½; for fat cattle, 5½ and 6c.

Brighton, April 25.—Reported from the retailers, gross weight—$4 75, $5, $5 50, $6, $6 50 per cwt.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Ashes.—Watered prices ranged at $4. Real—Quantities is scarce, we notice a further sale of 1st No. 1 at $4 12½. Coffee—The demand is quite limited, and in respect of near 3000 bags Laguayra was mostly taken by the trade, at 9½@9¾ cts. Cotton—Of 1000 bales of upland sold, 500 were taken by the trade, and 500 by speculators. Fish—Since the receipt of the Shad and Herring, sales have been more free in their views; we notice sales, part of which were to arrive, at prices ranging from $3 to 3 25 for shad, and $2 50 for herring. Flour and Meal—The market for flour is without quotation and without sales, and the demand for consumption is limited. Sales of Pennsylvania at $4 50, and the only sale for shipment is 500 bbls Brandywine at $4 62½. Indiana sales for city use at $4 50@4 62½ for fair and good brands; extra and baker's at $4 75@5; Ohio sold at $4 62½@4 75; and for export and sales to the extent of 1500 bbls Rye at $3 12½. Rye Meal—Sales at $3 12½@3 25. Corn Meal—$2 50@2 62½ per bbl. Grain—There have been fair receipts of wheat from the interior and prices are hardly supported; sales of 2000 bushels Pennsylvania red at 90@91 cts; white prompt 100@101c. Rye—Is now, sales at 60c. Corn—Sales of 3000 bushels Southern white at 57c; yellow at 58c. Oats—Sales of Virginia at 37c, and Delaware at 38c. Provisions—No alteration is reported worth noting. Seeds—Cloverseed—Sales of 100 bags were made on terms not public. Timothy—Sales of 600 bags were made on terms not public. Flaxseed—Sales of 1000 bags were made on landing, at secondary prices. Whiskey—Sales of hhds and bbls were made at 25c, and 150 bbls do. Jugs on landing, at 24c. Wool—Sales of Pulled were made at 30c, and of New Orleans from store at 28c on time. *Naval Stores*—Spirits Turpentine—Sales of 100 barrels were made at 44c. Tar—Large sales of a whole at 37c; quiet. Pitch—Quiet; nominally worth $2 50. *Plaisters*—Large sales of Nova Scotia at $3 75. *Provisions*—No alteration in barrelled meats. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 7@7½c. Lard—Sales of Leaf at 7½c. Sugars—Refiners', about the middle of last month attacked the house of a man named Turnbull, in Lincoln Co., Ala. Two of the Turnbull boys were absent, and a negro girl fled to survive, and one of the assailants, named Davis, was killed instantly, while another, named Norris, was mortally wounded. Norris has not expected to survive. The reason of the attack was, that the family was accused of being connected with horse thieves.

☞ The United Service Magazine says, the plan of writing with rice water, to be rendered visible by the application of iodine, was practised by the Spanish prisoners of confinement with Jallalabad. The first letter of this kind received from there was concealed in a quill. On opening it a small piece of paper was discovered, on which appeared only a single word, Iodine. The magic liquid was applied, and an interesting despatch from Sir Robert Sale met forth.

PARISIAN THIEVES.—The number of thieves carrying on their operations in Paris, amounts to 20,000. Of these, 6,000 are females. Of 6,000, he says, would take a purse from a room or the box of a theatre; 3,000 would take it from a carriage; 1,000 would break into your house quietly; from 1,000 to 2,000 would break in violently; and 600 would not recoil from murder. These are "Mysteries," indeed.

☞ The Susquehanna Railroad has been and is now doing an active Spring business, in the transportation of produce to market, and of lumber by the road, and during the week just closed, 725,000 pounds of Western Bacon passed over the road and exhibit a handsome increase of revenue.

THE STEAM NAVY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—According to recent statistics, the condition of the Steam Navy of Great Britain is as follows: —War Steamers now in commission, 34; dockbuilding and in ordinary, 48. Besides the above, the British Government controls the war steamers, all the packets for the service of the Post Office as Royal Mail steamers, running to the United States, to the West Indies, Egypt, &c.

☞ Letters patent have been taken out in England, for a very ingenious contrivance, by which ladies' bonnets can be folded completely flat when packing, and a direct passage is thus given to the air, so that the bonnet may be kept in perfect order.

☞ Upwards of forty new lead mines have been opened in the mining regions upon the Upper Mississippi, during the last year. In the mineral lands of Iowa and Wisconsin are supposed to be more productive of this metal than the mines of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain.

ALMANAC.

May, 1845.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON RISES	MOON'S PHASES.
1 Thursday,	5 4	6 56	1 5	
2 Friday,	5 3	6 57	1 45	P. M.
3 Saturday,	5 2	6 58	2 26	
4 Sunday,	5 1	6 59	3 10	First Quar. 4 d 6 M
5 Monday,	5 0	7 0	3 59	Full 11 d 2
6 Tuesday,	5 0	7 1	4 51	Last Quar. 18 d 2
7 Wednesday,	4 59	7 2	5 45	New 25 d 10

Married,

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. D. Neville, Samuel Knowles, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hall, all of this city.
On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. William Cooper, Mr. Thomas Bell, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Gallagher, both of this city.
On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Vinx, Henry Ahrens, formerly of Kent county, Del., to Lavina D. Hearst, daughter of Captain John Hearst, formerly of this city.
On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. William S. Crowell, to Miss Rebecca H. Richards, daughter of the late Henry Richards, merchant, both of Philadelphia.
On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Thos. O. Allen, Mr. Edward Fowler, to Miss Rebecca McConnaughy.
On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Challen, Mr. Volney J. Fraser, of Philadelphia, to Miss Lucy Ann, daughter of Capt. Noah Bridwell, of the city.

Died,

On the 29th ult. Mr. Samuel B. Bringle, in the 30th year of his age.
On the 30th inst. Mrs. Margaret McGowan, in the 74th year of her age.
On the 30th ult. Mr. Thomas Hall, aged 29 years.
On the 29th ult. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Ann Hall, aged 29 years.
Was drowned, on the 13th ult. Charles Lucens, son of Joseph and Catharine Lucens, aged 7 years.
On the 27th inst. Mr. Edwards Davis, late of Brooklyn, Philadelphia county, aged 27 years.
At Chester Hill, Philadelphia county, on the 19th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Hall, aged 72 years 4 months and 19 days.
On the 25th ult. Thomas Fitzpatrick, aged 30 years.
On the 26th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Davis, aged 60 years.
On the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Dunn, aged 60 years.
On the 28th ult. Mr. Richard Kirk, son of Robert and Rebecca Kirk.
On the 28th ult. after a lingering and painful illness, Elizabeth, wife of Richard and Robert Peterson, aged 39 years.
On the 18th ult. in the 23d year of her age, Amelia Jane, wife of Mr. Samuel Hall, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Hall.
On the 27th ult. in the 64th year of her age, Mrs. Isabella Scott, wife of the late Mr. Edward T. Scott.
On the 29th ult. Mr. Joseph Hall, in the 70th year of his age, late of Burlington county, N. J.
On the 29th ult. Mrs. Hannah H. Bunn, in the 70th year of her age, relict of D. Bunn.
On the 29th ult. in the 23d year of her age, Mary Ann Parker, daughter of the late W. J. Parker, of this city.
On the 29th ult. a young woman recently landed in this city from Ireland, in search of friends, was found in a state of destitution and exposure, and died in the arms of a Christian doctor. A kind and devoted Sabbath School teacher, who had visited her on the 27th, by kind and well conversation, she was prepared to receive the message of God and faithful servant.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS COMPLETE for $2 50

CARLE'S HART have just published VOLUME ONE of the WAVERLEY NOVELS, containing

Rob Roy—The Black Dwarf and Old Mortality

complete in one large octavo volume.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS COMPLETE for $2 50.

☞ In the issue of this volume are not very much inferior to those of the past ages, their material enlightens and the different nations have advanced in the scale of human advancement. The number who now can read and write is far greater than the number who could read and write in the time of Shakespeare, is an era thousand to one. Shakespeare, in his time, was considered a prodigy of learning, and he was so, when compared with the ignorance of the age in which he lived; but he would be a prodigy of learning in a few weeks in the present day. Every man who can read and write is a prodigy of learning, when compared with the ignorance of the dark ages. Every person possessed four or five hundred years ago.

☞ The number who can read and write is also, all this wonderful change has been effected—it rests in the hands of the publishers of the present day. Let them publish and it is done. Who will not be amused? Who will not be instructed? Who will not be delighted? Who will not be improved? Who will not be benefited? Who will not be happy? Who will not be pleased? Who will not be satisfied? Who will not be content? Who will not be happy? Who will not be pleased? Who will not be satisfied? Who will not be content? Who will not be happy? Who will not be pleased? Who will not be satisfied? Who will not be content? Who will not be happy? Who will not be pleased? Who will not be satisfied? Who will not be content? Who will not be happy? Who will not be pleased? Who will not be satisfied? Who will not be content? Who will not be happy? Who will not be pleased? Who will not be satisfied? Who will not be content? Who will not be happy? Who will not be

Selected Poetry.

MIDNIGHT MUSIC.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The Rev. Mr. George Herbert, in one of his walks to Salisbury, to join a musical society, saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that had fallen under his load. Putting off his canonical coat, he helped him to unload, and afterwards to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man. And so like was he to the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, at the same time admonishing him, that 'if he loved himself he should be merciful to his beast.'

"So, leaving the poor man, and coming unto his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder, that Mr. George Herbert, who used always to be so trim and clean, should come into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the reason, and one of them said to him, 'he had disparaged himself by so mean an employment,' his answer was, that 'the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass by that place.' 'For if,' said he, 'I am bound to pray for all who are in distress, I am surely bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the occasion every day, yet, let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life, without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I bless God for this opportunity. So now, let us tune our instruments.'"

What maketh music, when the bird
Doth hush its merry lay,
And the sweet spirit of the flowers
Hath sigh'd itself away?
What maketh music, when the frost
Doth chain the murmuring rill,
And every song that summer woke,
In winter's trance is still?

What maketh music, when the winds
To hoarse encounter rise,
When Ocean strikes his thunder-gong,
And the rent cloud replies?
When no adventurous planet dares
The midnight arch to deck,
And in his startling dream the babe
Doth clasp his mother's neck?

But when the fiercer storms of life
Do o'er the pilgrim sweep,
And earthquake voices claim the hopes
He treasured long and deep,
When loud the threatening passions roar,
Like lions in their den,
And vengeful tempests lash the shore,—
What maketh music then?

The deed to humble Virtue born,
Which nursing memory taught
To shun the boastful world's applause,
And love the lowly thought,—
This builds a cell within the heart,
Amid the weeds of care,
And turning high its heaven-strung harp,
Doth make sweet music there.

Personal Sketches.

AN EVENING WITH SOUTHEY.

[In our last we had a sketch of Rev. Sydney Smith. We give this week a notice of Robert Southey, by the same person, a correspondent of the Boston Atlas.]

In my sketch of Sydney Smith, I alluded to the late Robert Southey. I shall now more particularly refer to the Laureate, whom I had the honor of being acquainted with; and who, at one period, was a kind and copious correspondent of mine.

It is needless to state the circumstances which led to my acquaintance with one of the most voluminous writers of his day. Suffice it to say, that long before I had the pleasure of seeing the Poet, I had received many letters from him, and have reason to believe that he felt some interest in my welfare. The first time I ever met him personally, was in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-eight—a few days before I visited Combe Fleury with him. I was then residing in my and his native city, and engaged in a branch of literary labor which had once been occupied by Southey. This had caused him to feel some interest in my proceedings—and led to a kind wish, on his part, to form an acquaintance.

It was but seldom that he left his beautiful home at Keswick—and he might almost have been termed a Hermit Poet, for his life was one of almost strict seclusion. Consequently, his outward and visible man was little known, except to Lake Tourists, who were not unfrequently a source of much annoyance to him by their intrusive visits. He once complained much of this, in one of his letters to me—in which he said that his daughters could never row him on the Lake, nor could he ever take a quiet walk, without being stared at by those who imagined that a Poet was some outlandish animal. When he *did* leave home, it was generally for the purpose of making arrangements with his publishers—for he was a methodical man of business—or for a recreative visit to his native city, where he had many near and dearly attached friends. One of these friends was Mr. Joseph Cottle, the

"Joseph of Bristol—the brother of Amos"

of Lord Byron, and it was from him that I one morning received a kind invitation to meet Mr. Southey at his house, where he was at that time on a visit. It was with no little gratification that I anticipated meeting with one whose writings had afforded me so much delight, and whose considerate kindness had afforded me such service in my literary pursuits.

At that period, I was a mere *tyro* in literary matters, and felt a species of awe, whilst in the presence of even the smaller fry of authors. I had only seen one great pet in my time—the Reverend George Crabbe, and *his* venerable appearance had almost awed me—the reader may, therefore, easily suppose that I felt some little trepidation when I lifted Mr. Cottle's knocker one evening, feeling as I did, that I was about to be introduced to one of the burning and shining lights of literature—one who had battled with Lord Byron—had written more books than I could count of pages; and whose fame had gone out even "unto the ends of the world."

On entering Mr. Cottle's little parlor, after greeting my kind host, a gentleman whom I recognized instantly, from the portraits I had seen of him, rose, held out his hand to me, and accosted me by name—he was tall, and sparely built. "Mr. Cottle," said he, "we will waive a formal introduction; Mr. —— and myself are old *paper* friends, and must not meet as strangers." This unanticipated, kind familiarity, from one whom I had been led to believe was cold and repulsive in his manners, put all my preconceived notions to flight—dissipated my nervous feelings, and made me feel completely at home.

The personal appearance of Robert Southey was very striking. He was, as I have intimated, tall and slightly built. His forehead, rather receding, and not, phrenologically speaking, indicative of great genius, was surmounted and partially shaded by an abundance of white silvery hair, combed upwards, and forming a very striking contrast with his jet black, magnificently arched eyebrows, beneath which *glowed* (that is the best word to express what I mean) two of the most brilliant dark eyes I ever beheld. Their beauty did not consist so much in their brilliancy, as in their deep contemplative expression. His nose was remarkably aquiline; so much so that it approached to the *hook* formation. But it was in the mouth which, after all, is the most expressive feature of the human face, that the peculiar charm of Southey's looks lay—the upper lip was finely curved, and slightly projected over the lower—but it is in vain to attempt a description of it. Nearly every painter has failed to transfer it to canvass—indeed, I have never seen a good likeness of the Laureate, for it was no easy matter to catch the ever flitting lights and shadows which, with every changing emotion, passed over his countenance.

There were several other visitors who had been invited to meet Mr. Cottle's distinguished guest. Amongst these, Walter Savage Landor, the celebrated author of Pericles and Aspasia, and the Imaginary Conversations. Landor was a tall, stout man, with a bald head and a magnificent forehead; his hair was thin, and besprinkled with grey. In manners he was stiff and distant—quite the reverse of Southey. Southey attracted; Landor repelled. John Foster, whose beautiful Essays and Miscellaneous Works have just been published in this country by the Appletons, was also present. He looked anything but a magnet in the literary world—dressed, as he was, in an old blue coat, with bright brass buttons, corduroy small clothes, much the worse for wear, and top boots. His face was wrinkled and plain, but I never beheld keener little eyes than his: his head was surmounted with a brown scratch wig, and, taken as a whole, he would rather have been taken for a farmer than the author of works which have truly been styled magnificent. There was also with us a minute local poet, Mr. Romaine Joseph Thorne, who missed no opportunity of dropping small compliments to Southey and Landor, which both of them despised. Miss Cottle (sister of our host,) a niece of Mr. Cottle's, Southey's son, (a youth of about eighteen years of age,) and myself, made up the party.

Landor was reserved and proud in his demeanor to all excepting Southey, between whom and himself, notwithstanding the wide difference which existed between them in politics, (the Laureate being a High Church Tory, and Landor an ultra Whig,) there existed a strong and deep friendship.

Foster seldom opened his mouth, and when he did, it was to utter some eccentric remark, which, in one or two instances, might have been deemed almost ill-natured. He had no liking for Southey, and did not know, (so as I afterwards learned,) that he was to meet him at Cottle's. A few days afterwards he was invited to join him at dinner, at Sir John Hare's, a brother-in-law of Mr. Cottle's, but Foster declined, asserting that he would never voluntarily sit down with an apostate, (alluding to Southey's change of his youthful political opinions.) Southey's son sat silently—Thorne with eyes and mouth wide open, and how I comported myself is not for me to say.

Tea was announced—Miss Cottle, a lady of the old school, doing the honors. Bye the way, I may as well mention that Mr. Cottle and his sister resided together, much in the same way as did dear delightful Charles Lamb, with his beloved "Barbara." In both cases the gentlemen were Benedicts, and the ladies happy in single blessedness, and the society of their literary brothers. After pouring out the well manufactured infusion of Congou, Miss Cottle happened to address the Laureate as "Doctor."

"My dear Miss Cottle," said he, "*do* call *Mr.* Southey, or Robert, as you used to 'lang syne;' but not 'Doctor.' I dislike nothing so much as that, amongst old friends."

We spent a pleasant hour over the crockery—but all of us know that tea-table conversation is not easily transferrable to paper. I am no Boswell, and so the reader must *imagine* a conversational melange—an *olla podrida* of opinions, pleasant enough whilst passing over the mental palate, but leaving nothing either very nutricious or substantial behind.

By degrees, we all of us began to feel more at home—even the stiffness of "that deep-mouthed Boetian, Savage Lander," as the author of Childe Harold calls him, wore off; and he discoursed eloquently of Italy and paintings, and his favorite home at Fiesole. Foster, too, vouchsafed some odd remarks, and Southey entertained us with anecdotes. By the time the tea-table was cleared away, we were all chatting as sociably together as if we had been friends of years standing.

A great deal has been said about Southey's reserve in company, and many have accused him of unpardonable pride and *hauteur*. This I think unjust. He was naturally reserved, and his pursuits tended to make him more so. The Laureate, in his poem on the Hollytree, has said—

"So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng—
So would I seem among the young and gay,
More grave than they."

His sedateness did not, I think, spring from pride; and they who knew him better than I did, hold the same opinion. I have before alluded to what Charles Lamb said of him—but never were there two more direct opposites in social life, than Southey and the author of Elia.

Southey's favorite attitude was that of lying back in his chair, his elbows resting on the arms, and the tips of his forefingers placed on the inner portion of his eyebrows, over the surface of which they continually traversed, his eyes being closed excepting when he spoke. The conversation, at one time, turned on Byron—a ticklish subject for both Lander and Southey. The latter said, somewhat egotistically, I thought—but *that* was Southey's weak point,—"No man can honor Byron's genius more than myself; but I fancy I prevented him doing as much harm as he might have done." Landor, who had been fidgetting about in his chair whilst Byron's name was on the *tapis*—surlily remarked—"Byron was a great scoundrel." An exclamation, not a very prudent one, I fear, was just leaving the tip of my tongue, when I luckily bit my lips and prevented its passing beyond them.

At that period Mr. Southey was busily engaged in preparing the new edition of Cowper's Works, and in writing the Life of the Bard of Olney. "I have been," said he, "COOPERING all the way down." I had never heard the poet's name pronounced before as he pronounced it, Cooper, and ventured to make the remark to him. He said, the poet's family, and Mrs. Unwin, whom he had once seen, never used to say Cowper; although that was unquestionably the more correct. He then showed us an original miniature of Cowper, and said, "I can also show you the first letter which it is believed Cowper ever wrote, I stumbled on it by mere chance, at a gentleman's house, where, about a week ago, I staid for the night; so oddly sometimes, do things of this kind turn up." He then requested his son to fetch him his writing case, from which he produced the letter which he had read to our party. It is now included, in the supplementary volume to the *Life and Works.*

We had a long and delightful conversation respecting poor Cowper, and I remember Southey's saying, with much earnestness, that he could have given Kehama, Roderick, and indeed all he had ever written, to have been the author of the Lines to his Mother's Picture, which he characterized as being among the most touchingly beautiful to be found in the whole range of English Poetry. "What a mournful thing," he added, "that his mental visions was so often obscured." Alas! even then the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, was to be seen in Southey's horizon; a cloud which was soon to cast its melancholy shadow over his own fine intellect. I remember, too, that in connexion with this subject he alluded to his wife, who had then very recently died, after years of insanity. "I had," said he to Mr. Cottle, "For a long, dreary time, a living death constantly before me, in the form of my poor Edith. We took our meals, and associated with each other to the last, and I question whether I was more fondly attached to her, in her bright days, than in her days of darkness."

Some one in the company, Thorne, I think inquired of Southey whether he intended to be present at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association. The reply was characteristic. "No," said he, "I never go into crowds." A strong feature in his character was his love of solitude. His chosen retreat was his library and men's works, he in a great degree, preferred to their society. Of his books he himself says—

"My never failing friends they are,
With whom I converse night and day."

I have frequently been in that library, and it certainly was the most splendid private collection I ever witnessed, even Abbotsford not excepted. In Spanish and Portuguese literature it was peculiarly rich and black letter lore was abundant. He generally wrote in a little parlor adjoining, and most of his erudite works were composed while his family were seated around him. Some idea of the extent of his library may be formed from the fact that its sale, by auction, occupied seventeen long summer days.

It is a fact that Southey's conversation partook, in some degree, of the egotism which too often defaces his writings. As an instance of the latter, hear what he says in a letter to Wm. Taylor, of Norwich—"*Me judice*, I am a good poet, but a better historian." Mind, I do not mean to say that he be praised himself that evening—but there certainly was evident a considerable partiality for his own works in the remarks he let fall.

Southey's extreme kindness to young and struggling men of mind is not so well known, or so generally appreciated as it should be. One instance fell under my own notice. I knew in B—— a young man, a lawyer's clerk, who showed so decided a genius for painting that it was really painful to see him drudging over dry parchments and musty records. I advised him to copy a certain picture, which I knew would much interest Southey—he did so, and I sent it, with a letter from the artist, to Southey at Keswick. I also informed him of the circumstances, and asked his advice as to the young painter's welfare. Southey, who was always as punctual as clockwork in his correspondence—for he never allowed a letter to remain unanswered for a single day—in a short time wrote the young man an exceedingly kind epistle and so interested himself in his behalf, that at the time I write, the quandom lawyer's clerk is a pupil at the Royal Academy, and a popular exhibitor in the National Gallery.

The day the party at Cottle's, I accompanied Mr. Southey to see the house in which he was born, and which he wished to show to his son; we then made a call on the Bishop of B——, at Clifton. Southey did not send up his card, and consequently the Bishop, who deemed it might be some ordinary visitor, sent down a message that he was engaged. We left, Southey having mentioned his name to the footman. We had not gone far before the lacquey came breathlessly after us—for his lordship, on learning the name of his illustrious visitor, was horrified at the idea of sending from his door the author of the "Book of the Church." We returned—apologies were made, and a very pleasant hour spent.

In the year 1841, after wondering at the unusual circumstances of my letters to Southey remaining unanswered, I received from Mrs. Southey, (formerly Caroline Bowles) or rather a lady nearly related to me, a heart-touching epistle, informing me of her husband's insanity. It came on me like a thunder-clap, after a long ominous silence. Could it be, that he whose voluminous labors had delighted and informed thousands—that the Poet, the Philosopher, and the Historian—was the prey of

"The last infirmity of noble minds."

Alas! it was even so. His brain was worn out.

"The fervent spirit, working out its way,
Fretted the puny body to decay."

I was told, by one who witnessed the sad scene, that, as he walked along the streets of Keswick, leaning, a frail broken up man, on the arm of his afflicted and devoted wife, he would stare in stupid wonder at the flocks of geese, and breathe an incoherent wish that he "was as happy as they." His insanity was of the melancholy and sombre kind, as might have been expected.

To the last, he retained his old affection for his books. The way into his library he easily found, and thither it was his wont to repair; and he would sit with a black letter volume open on his lap, gazing on one page for hours, and at times moving his fingers, as if making written extracts. Out of the library he could never find his way, without the aid of a guide. But the ruin of a great mind, like his, is, too sad a spectacle for contemplation. After two years of mental incapacity.

"Death came o'er him gently,
As slumbers o'er a child."

There was no flashing up of the taper before death—no lucid moment—but during his life, he had made the great preparation, and Hope illuminated the faces of all who gazed upon him when he died.

I saw him borne to his narrow home, in the lonely little grave-yard, across which Grasmere Church flings its shadow. His son followed him. So did Wordsworth—and never was the grandeur of majestic and solemn grief portrayed in stronger character, than on his thoughtful countenance, as he followed his brother bard to the narrow house—his feelings were evidently "too deep for tears."

Well, he is gone! So is John Foster. So are the Cottles—brother, sister, and niece. Thorne, too, is beneath the "clods of the valley." Six, out of that little circle, vanished forever. As Burke eloquently remarks: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

Selected Poem.

NEW.

[The following curious poem is from a volume by Rev. Ralph Hoyt. The reader will admit that the author has produced "something new," we think.]

Still sighs the world for something new,
For something new;
Imploring me, imploring you,
Ah hapless world what will it do;
Imploring me, imploring you,
For something New!

Each pleasure, tasted, fades away,
It fades away;
Nor you, nor I, can bid it stay,
A dew-drop trembling on a spray;
A rainbow at the close of day;
Nor you, nor I, can bid it stay;
It fades away!

Fill up life's chalice to the brim;
Up to the brim;
'Tis only a capricious whim,
A dreamy phantom, flitting dim,
Inconstant still for her, or him;
'Tis only a capricious whim,
Up to the brim!

SHE.

She, young and fair, expects delight,
Expects delight;
Forsooth, because the morn is bright,
She deems it never will be night,
The youth hath but a wing for flight,
Forsooth, because the morn is bright,
Expects delight!

The rose, once gathered, cannot please,
It cannot please;
Ah, simple maid, a rose to seize
That only blooms to tempt and tease;
With thorns to rob the heart of ease;
Ah, simple maid, a rose to seize,
It cannot please!

'Tis winter, but she pines for spring,
She pines for spring;
No bliss its frost and follies bring,
A bird of passage on the wing;
Unhappy, discontented thing;
No bliss its frost and follies bring;
She pines for spring!

Delicious May, and azure skies,
And azure skies;
With flowers, of paradisial dyes;
Now, maiden, happy be and wise;
Ah, JUNE can only charm her eyes
With flowers of paradisial dyes,
And azure skies!

The glowing tranquil summer time,
The summer time;
Too listless in a maiden's prime,
Dull melancholy pantomime;
Oh, for a gay autumnal clime;
Too listless in a maiden's prime,
The summer time.

October! with earth's richest store,
Earth's richest store;
Alas, insipid as before;
Days, months and seasons o'er and o'er
Remotest lands their treasures pour;
Alas, insipid as before,
Earth's richest store!

Love nestles in that gentle breast,
That gentle breast;
Ah, Love will never let it rest;
The cruel, sly, ungrateful guest;
A viper in a linnet's nest,
Ah, Love will never let it rest;
That gentle breast!

Could she embark on Fashion's tide,
On Fashion's tide;
How gaily might a maiden glide;—
Contentment, innocence, and pride,
All stranded upon either side;
How gaily might a maiden glide,
On Fashion's tide!

Ah, maiden, time will make thee smart,
Will make thee smart;
Some new, and keen, and poisoned dart,
Will pierce at last that restless heart;
Youth, friends, and beauty will depart;
Some new, and keen, and poisoned dart,
Will make it smart!

So pants for change the fickle fair,
The fickle fair;
A feather floating in the air,
Still wafted here and wafted there;
No charm, no hazard worth her care;
A feather, floating in the air,
The fickle fair!

HE.

How sad his lot, the hapless swain,
The hapless swain;
With care, and toil, in heat and rain,
To speed the plough or harvest-wain,
Still reaping only fields of grain,
With care, and toil, in heat and rain,
The hapless swain!

Youth, weary youth, 'twill soon be past,
'Twill soon be past;
His MANHOOD's happiness shall last,
Renown and riches, far and fast,
Their potent charms shall round him cast;
His manhood's happiness shall last;—
'Twill soon be past!

Now toiling up ambition's steep,
Ambition's steep;
The rugged path is hard to keep;
The spring how far! the well how deep!
Ah me! in folly's bower asleep;
The rugged path is hard to keep;
Ambition's steep!

The dream fulfilled! rank, fortune, fame,
Rank, fortune, fame;
Vain fuel for celestial flame!
He wins and wears a glittering name,
He sighs his longing soul the same,
Vain fuel for celestial flame,
Rank, fortune, fame!

Sweet beauty wins with Cupid's bow;
With Cupid's bow;
Can she transfix him now?—ah no!
Amid the fairest flowers that blow,
The torment but alights—to go;
Can she transfix him now?—ah no,
With Cupid's bow!

Indulgent Heaven, oh grant but this,
Oh grant but this,
The boon shall be enough of bliss,
A Home, with true affection's kiss
To mend whate'er may hap amiss;
Oh, grant but this!

The Eden won:—insatiate still;
Insatiate still;
A wider, fairer range, he will;
Some mountain higher than his hill,
Some prospect fancy's map to fill;
A wider, fairer range, he will;
Insatiate still!

From maid to matron, son to sire;
From son to sire;
Each bosom burns with quenchless fire,
Where life's vain phantasies expire,
In some new phoenix of desire;
Each bosom burns with quenchless fire,
From son to sire!

Still sighs the world for something new;
For something new;
Imploring me, imploring you,
Some will-o'wisp to help pursue;
Ah, hapless world, what will it do;
Imploring me, imploring you,
FOR SOMETHING NEW!

Our Scrap Book.

A MR. B., OF S——, in New Hampshire, who occasionally appropriated to his own particular use the superfluities of his neighbor, went to purchase goods at K——, and among other things purchased thirty or forty pounds of feathers, at fifty cents per pound, which were deposited in a sack brought for the purpose. Happening to recollect at this instant that his family were destitute of *cheese*, and rather feeling an appetite for some, he very slyly seized a good sizeable one and safely thrust it into his feather sack. A bystander, by chance, happened to observe him, and acquainted Mr. L., the proprietor of the establishment. He said nothing, however, until after they had finished their trading, and Mr. B was about to depart. He then said, "Mr. B. I believe I made a mistake in the weight of those feathers, I should like to weigh them again." Mr. B objected, was perfectly satisfied, presumed there was no mistake, &c., but it was no go. Mr. L. insisted. Mr. B could not refuse, of course. When lo! to his astonishment the feathers weighed nearly twenty pounds more than before. "I thought so," said Mr. L., with perfect sang froid, "I do not see how I could make such a mistake." Nothing more was said or intimated. Mr. B concluded to take the lot, and gladly paid fifty cents a pound for his cheese, considering it, no doubt, the cheapest one he ever purchased.

JUSTICE IN GEORGIA.—We have heard a good many stories about Georgia majors, Georgia fights, &c., but the following incidents of a Georgia jury is the last item from the Georgia State. The story is told by one of the jury himself—so it must be all right.

Two intimate friends had a "fuss" about twenty-five dollars, and "went to law." The case was a jury case, and it happened that the plaintiff and defendant were mutual friends of every man on the jury. How to decide the case was a most important consideration. After a long and perplexing consultation the members of the jury finally agreed to raise the sum of twenty-five dollars by contribution among themselves, satisfied the claim, paid all costs, and had the case dismissed.—*N. O. Pic.*

☞ A craniologist, strolling through a church yard, took up one of the skulls, and after examining it for some time, exclaimed, "Ah! perhaps this was the skull of a *philosopher*." "Perhaps so," said the grave-digger, "for I perceive that it is somewhat *cracked*."

☞ Some rogue in Cincinnati has been parodying Cist's song of "The Girls we Love." Here is a sample of the atrocity:—

"The Pork we love! The Pork we love!
What other with it may compare?
The pork we love, all pork above,
No pork on earth is half so rare!
They tell me of the pigs that go
At large in Erin's emerald isle,
Where shamrock and potatoes grow,
And pretty girls on Paddies smile!
But still I sing the pork we love,
And still I drink no other toast;
The pork we love, all pork above,
Our fairest pride, our fattest boast!"

☞ The only remains of that ancient hospitality about which the poets tell us so much, are to be found among the jailers and prison-keepers. They not only receive all that come unto them, but they constrain them to remain!

☞ "A woman who loves—loves for life, unless a well founded jealousy compels her to relinquish the object of her affections." So says somebody. A man who loves—loves for life, unless he alters his mind. So says somebody else.

☞ We have often been amused at the vagaries of hypocondriacs. One of the strangest incidents is that of a man who fancied himself a kernel of corn, and fearing to go out into the yard lest the chickens should swallow him.

☞ It has been discovered that the best way to prevent apples from rotting, is to put them in a warm dry cellar, and let a family of fifteen children have free access to them every day.

☞ "I perceive you don't speak to me when we meet," said a man to his neighbor, "but I care little about it." "It is for this reason that I do not speak," he replied.

☞ There is a boarding house keeper in this State, it is said, who makes her pudding and milk so thin that several of her boarders starved to death while eating it.

☞ The Newbernian re-publishes Bryant's translation from the German of Muller, "The Paradise of Tears," but the compositor makes it "The Paradise of *Texas!*"

☞ How can a junior partner be taken into a house over the senior partner's head? By the junior partner being taken in at the first floor window.

I saw her in the ball room,
The cynosure of eyes;
I saw her on the morrow,
A-peddling cakes and pies.

☞ "I will admit all the world," said Hogarth, "to be competent judges of my pictures, except those who are of the profession."

☞ The "Razor Strop Man" is now in the Monumental City. He bawled to a good many in Philadelphia, and went to *Bawl-to-more.*

☞ Uncle Sam thinks it is one's own fault if he dies now-a-days, when all manner of infallible pills and medicines are advertised.

☞ "I feel too lazy to work," said a loafer, "and I have no time to play; I think I'll go to bed and split the difference."

☞ If a man was always to be known by the company he kept, alas! for the poor constables!

☞ "I'm dreadfully cut up," as the crimped cod said to the fish-monger.

☞ "We met, 'twas in a crowd," as the political lie said of his fellows.

THE BEST part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Domestic Happiness

CURTAIN LECTURES.

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

There, Mr. Candle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Candle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought to by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Candle, to know that.

"It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm sure I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life, a button's off your shirt—what do you dry 'oh' at! I say once, Mr. Candle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Candle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and with one thing another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then: for then, I hope you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you! What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Candle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your wristbands: a decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. Why won't I hold my tongue? Because I won't hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue. Oh! but that's just like you men.

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you! That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too: such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say. Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive. When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh, what a brute you must be to snore so!

"You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you! Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now, the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me and only because a button—a button——"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle in his MS, "for here nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

Choice Selections.

FROM THE WESTERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

THE FIRST GRAVE.

"Sown by God, to ripen for the harvest."

Beneath the pale October skies,
Beside the slumbering wave,
How calmly and how still it lies,
That solitary grave!

The only upturned spot of earth
In all this grassy field,
Where flowers and shrubs their treasures sweet
In wild luxuriance yield.

A thousand fertile plains around
Are bright with gather'd spoil,
And man receives, with gladden'd heart,
Reward for honest toil.

The seed, a few short months ago,
In cold dark earth that lay,
Hath yielded up its rich increase
In golden sheaves to-day.

But here "beside the tall church tower,"
Beneath the quiet sod,
The human seed doth still await
The harvest day of God.

Through all the warm, bright summer hours,
The treasure here hath lain;
Yet time shall die, ere He who sowed
Shall come to reap again.

Thou lonely grave! 'Tis sweet to know
The dust that thou dost keep,
In blessed hope of Glory takes
Its calm untroubled sleep!

That this frail clay was once illumed
By talents rare and bright,
By all that can, in mind or form,
Attract our narrow sight;

And that the same all-bounteous hand,
By whom those gifts were given,
His gracious spirit added, too,
To ripen them for Heaven.

Ah! solemnly the thought doth rise
Beside this lonely place,
How many yet shall here be sown
Of our poor human race.

Around thee, yet, in future years,
Thou solitary guest,
Shall many a weary pilgrim make
His lone dark home of rest.

May He, who sowed its earliest seed,
Protect this sacred ground!
That never foe of his may be
Within its circle found!

Oh! what a glorious harvest day,
That for our Lord would be,
Were every one that here shall rest
To rise at last like Thee!

J. A. S.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

In these little sketches we do not propose to be profound; only talkative, chatty, and simple. As we have very little space this week, for this feature, we shall continue our subject without heedless preface.

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation of life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting," a cruel and useless custom, followed in all country places with a ferocity perfectly atrocious. These hunts for nests were followed in company; but Putnam was always the leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others, and was difficult of climbing. Besides this, it was evident that no pole, or contrivance, would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it save by venturing upon the branch, which, nine chances to ten, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture.

Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence, for some moments, and at length said—

"That bird has all the qualities of a soldier. It has completely fortified its home. I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles round that could get that nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade him; but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the King's strongholds," said Putnam, "and may I be shout if I don't come off victor."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot on it, and it cracked, while the old bird flew off with a sharp cry, and remained describing circles round the tree, and uttering touching complaints.

"Bah!" said Putnam, "do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not take our goods against our will, just like the King?"

He ventured a foot further on the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch, and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished for prize, and just as he cried—"I've got it," the limb broke clear off, and he fell; but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches, and his head hung downwards.

"Put, are you hurt?" asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted heart; but sorely puzzled how to get down.

"We can't cut away the limb because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Aye, and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought very bravely at Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed:

"Jim Randall, there's a ball in your rifle."

"Yes."

"Do you see that very little limb that holds me here."

"I do."

"Fire at it."

"What, to cut you down."

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head."

"*Shoot. Better blow out my brains* than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. *Shoot.*"

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall, will you fire!"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after Putnam met Randall and the rest, and taking the nest from his pocket, said—

"Here is the nest. I said I would have it or perish; but I went alone, because I determined no one should see me fall and aid me to escape the consequences."

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap, and the many other dangerous and daring exploits, performed by the gallant man in his efforts for the ascendancy of the cause of Liberty.—*Noah's Messenger.*

THE REPENTANT.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

When sad and dejected
Your brother appears,
And the depth of his anguish
Is revealed by his tears—
Turn not from his presence—
Your pride being stirred—
And add to his sorrows
By a harsh, bitter word.

What if in his folly
He tampered with sin,
Till he was polluted
Without and within—
Till poverty stared him
With shame in the face,
And to touch him was only
A mark of disgrace—

Is dust he's repented—
Encourage, I pray—
Direct him to virtue,
And lead him the way—
Point onward and upward
To wisdom and truth;
Oh, great is the honor
Of saving a youth!

No matter what brought him
Degraded so low—
He still is your brother,
To whom you should go—
Should go with kind feelings,
And love in your breast;
Be an angel of mercy
To the poor and distressed.

Then God will reward you,
And make you to know
The blessing that follows
The healing of woe:
Your path will be pleasant,
Your sky will be bright—
And each day as it passes,
Bring constant delight.

Portland Tribune.

CHICKEN STATISTICS.—According to Buffon, a hen properly fed and attended, will produce in one year upwards of 150 eggs, besides rearing two broods of chickens. Mr. Mount, of England, says that a well-fed hen will produce from 150 to 175 eggs in a year. According to the latter statement, one hundred hens would yield in one year 15,000 eggs, and from one thousand to twelve hundred chickens. We find it stated in an agricultural work that an importation has recently been made from Holland of a kind of hens called everlasting hens. They are small, lay every day, and their eggs are less in size, and not so nutritious or substantial as those of the common hen. Such a consequence seems obviously unavoidable. There is a kind of hen called the "Boobies," which are more than three time the common size; some of them weighing ten pounds, and another kind called the "Bucks County hens." They are prolific layers, and produce eggs weighing over three and a half ounces and measuring three inches in circumference.

MESMERISM.

[We have often spoken in terms of disapproval and disgust, of the tampering with diseased imaginations, and prostitution of the nervous system, which is practised under the fashionable name of "Animal Magnetism." If any further proofs were wanting of the danger and indelicacy of the practice, it could be found in the following letter. The Boston Traveller, in which it originally appeared, vouches for the credibility of the writer:]

Hingham, April 7, 1845.

MESSRS EDITORS.—A friend of yours has requested me to collect a few facts and send you, relating to a very singular case of magnetism, mesmerism, somnambulism, (or whatever else you may choose to call it,) which has caused a great deal of excitement here. The facts of the case are these.

A celebrated lecturer on the science of mesmerism visited us last week, and delivered a course of lectures on the subject. During his stay among us he threw several persons into the magnetic sleep. Among these was a young lady of a very nervous temperament, who was put to sleep several times. The last time, (which was on Friday evening of the last week in public) she supposed that he did not entirely throw off the magnetic influence. On Sunday evening *she* attempted to magnetise another person, and succeeded. She then made the attempt to magnetise another; instead of succeeding, however, in this effort, *she herself fell asleep*, and it was found impossible to awaken her! She remained in this sleep until Wednesday at half past three, P. M. During this time she was in communication with all who approached her; could examine diseased people, telling them correctly their diseases; and tell what time it was to a minute, without being near a time-piece. She would also distinguish people at a half mile distant, and tell what they were doing. From the time she fell asleep, (which was Sabbath evening at 8 o'clock) until Tuesday, P. M, she took no nourishment, whatever. What is still more singular, she became much attached to people who were entire strangers to her before her sleep, and toward those who were her friends previously, was at times very rude. At one time she was able to read fluently from the Bible, with her eyes closely bandaged. For two or three days she was kept in a constant state of excitement, which doubtless was a great injury to her. Various reasons are assigned as to the cause of her waking. Some suppose she was frightened out of the strange state in which she had remained for sixty-seven and a half *hours*; others that harshness and firmness aroused her; but neither of those do I believe to be the cause. When she awoke there was but one person in the room with her, and that person had just succeeded in calming her excited feelings, (which the *firmness* of others had aroused,) when the question was asked, "Will you awake?" "Yes," was the answer. A few upward passes with the hand were made, and very suddenly her eyes opened, and she exclaimed, "I can see!" She was immediately removed to a retired place, where quiet and the unwearied attention of kind friends have entirely restored her.

Hoping that your paper may be read by the lecturer referred to, I will add that many people in H. believe that he had motives of his own, in not throwing off entirely his influence from this young lady. Knowing she had no relatives near, it is supposed that he intended her for a future subject, to accompany him in his travels, and aid him in proving the science in which he is so much interested. It is hoped that such were not his motives, and that he will yet prove to the world that they have judged him wrongfully.

R.

FRENCH BLUNDERS.—The French make awful havoc of John Bull's English, in their attempts at translation. They seem never to reflect that English words have often many and remote significations. Voltaire translated some of Shakspeare's plays. Shakspeare makes one of his characters renounce all claim to a doubtful inheritance with an avowed resolution to *carve* for himself a fortune with his sword. Voltaire put it in French, which re-translated, reads—"What care I for lands? With my sword I will make a fortune cutting meat." Another, displeased with such blunders, undertook a more correct translation of the great bard. Coming to the following passage:

"Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, *so woe-begone*"

He translated the italicised words to read—"So grief—be off with you."

THE PRESENT.

Oh! slight not the present—the past is arrayed
In a dim and indefinite mantle of shade;
Disturb not the calm of its mist-covered plains,
Where glide the pale ghosts of lost pleasures and pains.

The future! what mortal may pierce its thick cloud?
The future is wrapped in uncertainty's shroud;
Dark trials, keen cares, from that shroud may arise,
Or its secrets may ne'er be disclosed to thine eyes.

The present! oh! wish not its moments away;
A talisman dwells in the might of to-day;
Past seasons are buried, the future unknown,
But the bright sunny present, at least, is thine own.

I seek not, like vain thoughtless minstrels, to sing
Of the blossoms and warmth of life's beautiful spring;
I woo thee not lightly, to while the fleet hours
In numbering sunbeams, and gathering flowers.

No! fain would I bid thee from knowledge implore
Each day some new treasure to add to thy store,
And gently some service or kindness impart,
To gild the worn fortune, or soothe the sad heart.

Each day may thy home and its fondly-loved ties
Acquire fresh attraction and worth in thine eyes;
Yet with strengthened devotion on God may'st thou call,
And feel that for Him thou could'st part from them all.

Thus live, and thou wilt not in weariness cast
Thy glance from the present to picture the past,
Nor marvel what earth's mystic future may be,
Since Heaven hath in store a bright future for thee.

Metropolitan.

Choice Articles.

PUNCH'S NOY'S MAXIMS.

When many join in one act, the law says it is the act of him who could best do it, and that the thing should be done by those of best skill.—Thus, if there are six supernumeraries standing on the stage, and one tragedian, during the act of a tragedy, they all join in the act, but it is the act of the actor and not of the supernumeraries. So, if there be nine tailors employed in making a coat, it is the act of one man, "For," says Cook, "if I am asked who made my coat, I cannot answer—Smith, Brown, Jones, Robinson, Doe, Roe, Thompson, Dobson, and Johnson, though it be true that they have all had a hand in it. But if Doe is the master, and Roe and the others are the men, I say that Doe made the coat; but otherwise, if Roe is the master, and Doe, with his fellows, the men, for then I say, marry, it was Roe that made my coat." By the bye, it has been settled that though property in tail cannot come to a man till he is of full age, a coat in tail may come to a youth of fourteen; and it is not usual to cut off the tail afterwards.

When two titles concur, the elder shall be preferred.—This maxim has given rise to some dispute, and a curious case was once put in the following terms:—"Suppose I have two sorts of wine, and the titles of both concur, both of them being called red wine, though one happens to be port, and the other elder. It then becomes a question whether the elder is to be preferred, a question, which all the best judges during the evening sittings have agreed to answer in the negative."

By an acquittance for the last payment all other arrearages are discharged.—Thus, a receipt from your tailor would be, *prima facie*, a discharge to all your other debts, because your tailor's bill is the last payment you would think of making.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF RUTHVEN HOUSE.—The ancient house of Ruthven, in the Highlands of Scotland, once the seat of the unfortunate Gowrie's, consists of two square towers—built at different times, and distinct from each other—but now joined by buildings of later date. The top of one of these towers is called the Maiden's Leap; receiving its name from the following extraordinary fact: A daughter of the Earl of Gowrie, was addressed by a gentleman of inferior rank in the neighborhood, a frequent visiter in the family, though they would never give the least countenance to his passion. His lodging was in the opposite tower to that which was the chamber of his beloved. The lady, before the doors were shut, had conveyed herself into her lover's apartment; a prying duenna acquainted the Countess, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them. The young lady's ears were quick, she heard the footsteps of the old Countess, ran to the leads and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches over a chasm of sixty feet in height, and luckily alighting on the battlement of the other tower, undressed and crept into bed, where her mother with astonishment found her; and of course, apologised for her unjust suspicion. The fair daughter did not choose the risk of repeating the leap; but next night eloped and was married.

PRINTER'S LANGUAGE.—Every profession has its technical terms, and, of course, the printers have a "small smattering," which is intelligible only to the craft. The following (says the Delaware Republican) is a specimen; it don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated:

"Jim, put General Washington on the galley, and then finish the murder of that young girl you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Herculaneum; distribute the small pox; and you need not finish that runaway match; have the high water in the paper this week. Let the pie alone till after dinner, but put the barbecue to press, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you about the work for the morning."

Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burned for inventing such a diabolical art.

THE SNOW-DROP.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

When infant Spring, with a tremulous ray,
Doth tread in the steps of the Winter gray,
And the prisoned streams on the frosted plains,
Are breaking the links of their icy chains,
Ere yet the Violet hath dared to show,
Its timid brow, through the melting snow,
While the Dahlias and Tulips, on couches deep,
In their bulbous night-caps are fast asleep,
Like Beauties fatigued at the midnight rout,
Who shut the sun with their curtains out,—
At the earliest call of the blue-bird sweet,
I put my head through the mist and sleet,—
And haste to bring with my simple cheer
The first glad wish of the new-born year.
But now, from Autumn, a boon I bear,—
Of varied tint, and a perfume rare;
Taste hath trodden the field and bower
The bird to win, and to cull the flower,
And to gather them close in a charmed ring,
And to tie them fast with a silken string;
Friendship doth offer the gift to thee,
Pure and warm may its guerdon be.

HABIT.

Dr. Plot, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot that lived within the sound of a clock, who was always amusing himself by counting the hours of the day, whenever it struck. The clock being spoiled, the idiot continued to strike and count the time without it, in the same manner he did before.

A lady of this city has contracted the habit of counting the panes of glass in a house, the moment she casts her eye upon the window. She has repeatedly assured her friends it is impossible to cure herself of the habit, and that the sense of weariness and pain from associating the number of panes with the idea of a house or window, is a hundred times worse than the labor of superintending the concerns of her family.

A boy in Vermont, accustomed to working alone, was so prone to whistling, that as soon as he was by himself, he unconsciously commenced. When asleep, the muscles of his mouth, chest, and lungs were so completely concatenated in this association that he whistled with astonishing shrillness. A pale countenance, loss of appetite, and almost total prostration of strength, convinced his mother that it would soon end in death, if not speedily overcome; which was accomplished by placing him in the society of another boy, who had orders to give him a blow as often as he began to whistle.

An attorney insensibly contracted a habit of numbering his steps, when walking, and when in his office, of thinking how many paces distant were certain places in the neighborhood. He found it nearly impossible to meditate on any other subject. He fancies a cure was effected by walking over a stream on a pole, where he was in imminent danger of being drowned.

A trunk maker, in the country could never refrain from biting his nails, at a moment of leisure. In 1816, every appearance of a nail on the left fingers and right thumb was obliterated.

A child, in New Hampshire, who was usually seated in the meeting house, on the Sabbath, opposite an old gentleman who labored under chorea sancti viti, contracted the habit of imitating his distorted features to such a degree, that its face was continually in a grimace. The child was cured by working at needle-work, before a mirror.

A pious woman in the eastern section of New Hampshire, who drew large quantities of water from a deep well, with a pole, was repeatedly observed, at her evening devotions, before the Bible, unconsciously moving her arm all the while, as in drawing the bucket from the well.

Mr. C., who committed suicide two years since, was constantly pinching his left cheek, if his left hand was not otherwise employed. The consequence was, a hard callus, of the size of a dollar, formed over the buccinator muscle, that materially injured his speech; he could not blow out a candle, nor bring his lips to the blowing hole of a flute, on which he was formerly a good player.

TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF JOHN SMITH!—The annexed extract from the Sydney (New South Wales) Herald of Nov. 17th illustrates one of the difficulties attending the common name of John Smith, which, if by any accident, a man should own, he should take immediate steps to change it;

Some twelve months since. Mr. Turner, a solicitor, of Maitland, posted a letter which he intended for Mr. John Smith, solicitor, O'Connell street, Sydney, but which he accidentally directed "London." Now, Smiths are exceedingly plentiful in London, and John is by no means an uncommon prefix. O'Connell streets, however, are not very plentiful, but it appears there are some; and there are three John Smiths residing in O'Connell streets, each of whom opened it, and finding it was not intended for them returned it. In Dublin there are several O'Connell streets, and lots of John Smiths, and to Dublin it was sent; but after all the Smiths in the law list had been "tried," to use the technical expression, without the right one being found, it was determined to send the letter back to the writer, endorsed with the certificate of seventeen different postmen, that they all had searched in vain for the person for whom it was intended. Last week it arrived in Sydney and was sent to Maitland, when the mistake was discovered, and Mr. John Smith, O'Connell street, received his letter, together with four one-pound notes enclosed in it.

SPRING.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil-cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring;
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the tender scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green

New-born flocks in rustic dance,
Frisking, ply their feeble feet,
Forgetful of their wintry trance;
The birds his presence greet,
But chief the skylark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstacy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly,
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by;
Their raptures now, that wildly flow,
No yesterday or morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on the past misfortunes brow
Soft reflections hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happiest hour,
Or deepest shades that dimly lower,
And blackening round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue,
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view;
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended, form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost
And breathe and walk again.
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

The Olio.

EXTRAORDINARY FORTITUDE.—A Bavarian gendarme fell from his horse a few days back, near Wissembourg, and broke his leg. Not being able to move from the spot, he spent all his powder in firing his carbine, in order to attract attention. Finding all chance of succor hopeless, he prepared himself for death, and he took out his pocket-book and wrote down what had occurred. He also gave several instructions about his affairs. He was found lying dead, the next day, by some villagers who were proceeding to the market of Wissembourg.

GOOD HINTS FOR EVERYBODY.—The way to get credit is to be punctual—the way to preserve it is not to use it much. Settle often—have short accounts. Trust no man's appearances, they are deceitful—perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of a gaudy exterior; rogues usually dress well. The rich are plain men. Trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned.

TOO SAVING BY HALF.—A married man in Virginia, a short time since, returned a pair of shoes which had been made for his wife, to the shoemaker, with a request that another pair should be made, that although the first pair fitted the lady well enough, they were a little too small for the husband, who didn't wish them to be a total loss, should his wife die first; which was more than likely, as she was already in bad health.

DECAYED CHEESE.—Decayed cheese, whether called ripe or rotten, is good for maggots, but totally unfit for man. It contains no nutriment; has no digestive power, as has been erroneously supposed; and is calculated to render the breath and body offensive.—*Parry on diet.*

IF THERE IS A MAN who can eat his bread at peace with God and man, it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud—it is wet by no tear—it is stained by no blood.

LEARNING is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age.

IT IS HE who confers a benefit who gathers its most precious fruits.

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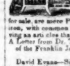

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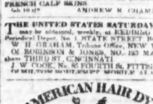
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